





„EXOTIQUE“

. . . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES.

No. 30

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THE DIARY

OF A SHOE SALESMAN"

by N. Leader

* * * * *

The problems that face a shoe salesman are many. Throughout my years in the delightful business of outfitting women's feet, I have certainly come across some strange delights in shoes and boots. Most people will buy coats and hats on a glance; when it comes to shoes, they certainly are fussy. An attractively shod foot can make quite a difference in the entire appearance of a lady. I know because as a shoe salesman, I have to be very careful with my women customers and must spend a lot of time in supplying them with what they want. . . and need. Often, I give them something they never thought existed and they are eternally grateful for my help.

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For example, one young lady called Edna came into my store on a rainy day. Her mouth was a red gash of annoyance. "My husband can't be satisfied with my shoes," she said loudly. "He insists I wear something durable and firm, something that will not resist. Do you have any such shoes?" she demanded, looking unflinchingly at me.

Since shoes must fit the character and personality of the wearer, I studied her at great length. "Do sit down, ma'am, and I think I have what you want."

I brought out black leather pumps and held them up to her. Her eyes glittered (and so did mine, I hastily confess) as she beheld the shoes--elegant, satiny peau de soie shoes were nestled in a fetching set of flouncing metallic buds shown above an open toe; the shoes had a hare-look slick back. She could hardly wait to fit them on; as I huddled the slick, she stood up, walking back and forth. Her delight was evident.

"Those heels are very thin. . .like a needle. How long is the heel?"

"I--I don't really know?"

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"Why not?" she cried out, her voice louder than the cracking of the thunder outdoors. "As a salesman, you're supposed to know everything about the products you sell. Go get your ruler and measure my heels--and be quick about it!" She stamped her foot in anger and the motion of the black pumps convinced me that they could fit no one else as they did this lady.

"Five inch heels," I said, down on my knees as I measured them exactly.

As she walked, the flouncing metallic buds glittered like the beady eyes of a snake. "All right. . .I'll take them. My husband better be pleased--or you'll hear of it!"

I never heard of it, to coin her phrase, but she is now my steady customer. Her husband insists that no one else fit her shoes but myself. Quite a hit of flattery, I must admit.

Two young ladies wearing pleated satin skirts came into the shoe store and asked to see something suitable for outdoor camping. "Do you have anything in ladies' boots?"

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I most certainly did. My first pair for the older girl who wore short bobbed hair and wore the jacket of a suit, was a pair of mahogany polished boots--reaching right up to her knees where they buckled, this pair startled her at first. "They look so. . .strong."

"Exactly what you need for camping, my dear." I seized her foot and studied the delicate ankle bones, the soft instep, the lovely white calf muscles. I never mix business with pleasure but this time, the sheer charm of her legs made me fill with a yearning to properly shod them in appropriate boots. Of course, the tight laces would squeeze the white flesh, leaving red lines, but she would get used to them in time and it was well worth any effort to be rewarded with lovely leather-covered legs. I squeezed her foot into the shoe-part of the boot.

She gasped. "I feel as if. . .someone were hugging my foot." She was wiggling her toes and started giggling. "How wonderful leather feels against a bare foot." She gasped and took deep breaths as I started looping the laces through the very tiny copper polished eyelets. Each tug of the leather lace made her suck

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in her breath. She looked as if she'd swoon a few times. Brave girl. . .she refused to stop and insisted--almost demanded--that I lace her up--right to the knee. At last, both boots were laced as tight as eyelets would permit.

"Just walk around a bit," I suggested. "I think the sole is thick enough for camping. " I held the booted foot in the palm of my hand for just an instant to investigate the sole and suddenly: "YE--EW!" my cry started both girls. "You. . .you. . ." I gasped, holding my hand, "stepped on my hand."

Her eyes were twin orbs of liquid emeralds. "Who told you to grab my feet like that! Let it be a lesson to you not to touch boots that belong to someone else. And these belong to me from now on!" She was fascinated with the real six inch skyscraper heels! Not very practical for outdoor camping, I must admit, but high heels and boots go together and there are no separations. The roommate said she would buy her pair later on. Together, arm in arm, both girls walked out.

Then there were the reluctant husband

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and embittered wife who came in with a very special shoe problem. "My husband said that leather is very attractive. No matter what I buy, he isn't satisfied. Have you any suggestions?"

Through conversation, I learned that here was a man who had a real and honest appreciation for leather. When I brought out a pair of alligator leather boots, thin leather but durable and very flexible, his eyes opened with pleasure. "Do they really stretch up to the thighs?"

"Yes." From experience, I knew he longed to have his wife wear leather boots as high as the hips. "Would you like to try a pair for yourself. . .and also watch as I put a pair on your wife?"

He flushed scarlet. "Where. . .can I wear them?"

"At home. . .or even out of doors."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he flustered. "I mean, where can I try them on?"



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Since hip length boots are quite an experience for a newcomer, I wanted this first event to be an impressionable one. "Suppose the three of us go to a private room in the rear. There, for our very special and selected customers, we offer them the best in leather. Because these are unusual leather boots, we prefer to let you try them on in our private room."

I locked the door and waited while both of them ducked into the inner room to disrobe. Then I heard him say, "Dearest, I . . . forgot. . . I didn't wear my shorts today."

"Never mind. I have a pair of bloomers that I just bought. Here. . . put them on. Don't be silly. Nobody's going to look at you except that shoe salesman and he doesn't care."

Finally, the man came out. I must admit that the bloomers--made of pale blue silk--fit him snugly. He had a slightly slender build and except for an embarrassing bulge, the bloomers made him look very neat and well-dressed. His wife came out wearing a pair of heart-shaped lace panties. Her bra was not padded. . . her swelling mounds were an upward lift, tilted shape

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and they shivered like twin vats of jelly as she walked. Her hips were lyre-shaped, and her legs--smooth columns of exquisite polished ivory. It was going to be wonderful to cover them with the alligator leather. Her legs would receive thrills they never thought possible.

Her dainty foot was squeezed into the boot and as I used a thin needle to draw the very thin leather laces through the loops, I saw her husband looking at them longingly. I am an experienced shoe salesman and I know that when a husband expresses a desire to see his wife wearing exotic shoes and hoots, he also has a twin desire to know the feel of such footwear, himself!

As the laces tightened around her kneecaps, the wife gasped. "How. . . will I be able to bend my knees?"

"Never fear. Just keep your legs stiff and straight when walking. The feel of leather against your knees and behind your knees is quite interesting!" When I came to her thighs, I enjoyed wrapping such soft, ivory tinted flesh into alligator leather. Never would her soft,

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cozy thighs know such intimacy as they would when tightly wrapped with soft leather. At last, . . . just before it became embarrassing, I tied the laces behind her thighs and repeated the process with her other leg.

"I . . . feel like I'm on top of a building!" she declared as she stood up, hending at the waist because the heels were pencil-thin and five inches high. Her breasts hung down like two over-ripe melons. I wondered what they would look like when concealed with a properly fitted leather bra? However, my position is that of shoe salesman and I always concentrate on my work.

As she walked, the heels made a slight stabbing sound. . . . clob, . . . clob, . . . clob, . . . well-fitted boots always make determined and firm footsteps. The boots added a certain undefinable "something" to the girl and I must say that I felt very pleased with my abilities as a shoe salesman to have selected these alligator leather hip boots for the right wearer.

Her husband, a little shy at first, gingerly extended his leg as I fitted the boot onto his

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foot. I could feel his thrilling reaction as the leather was stitched higher and higher. He could hardly wait to get up and start walking around in the boots. He even urged me to hurry up.

"They're so wonderful," he said happily and ran his hands up and down the soft, smooth leather. He stamped his foot a few times but the echo was too muffled.

"I know how to do that," said his wife. Her stamping brought forth unmistakable sparks from the floor. The point of the toe gleamed like a shining eye. Her heels were skyscraper style but so thin, they looked almost fragile. However, there can hardly ever be a fear of a damaged heel on a boot or shoe that I sell in my shop. I demand perfection of quality when it comes to leather garments. Yes, leather garments--leather for your feet can be considered the same as garments for your body. This couple later walked out, their purchases under each arm, happily reunited. I'm positively enthralled to know that I helped save a marriage.

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There was the night club hostess, who said that she wanted the fabulous in style, comfort--and for protection, she explained with a toss of her high-tiered, silver-blond tresses which were entwined with rope strings of polished pearls. These same strands twisted down around her neck, clasping the white alabaster-quality texture of her throat very intimately. "Some of these night club customers get fresh and try to, . . . fondle my legs. What do you have that I can wear for style, . . . and for protection?"

I searched among the back shelves and came out with one pair that this hostess immediately accepted. It was a see-through glass slipper made of crystal clear lucite. Puffs of fluffy pink Maribou feathers danced in front at the vamp, making her exquisitely sculptured foot a delicate yet mysterious living creature.

For glitter, I sold her a four inch heeled item with a silver metallic trim; the buckle was graced with a dramatic rhinestone that gleamed like the colors of the rainbow, as she moved her foot back and forth. The slim strap was graceful and the vinyl vamp gave it a bare-back, almost naked beauty. The entire ensemble was

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milk-white--making her foot look like an entourage of peaches and cream.

"Don't you have something to protect myself with?"

"Of course, of course," I hurried to open the box at my feet. "I'm just saving the best for the last."

And I held in my hand a positively delightful shoe that I knew would be the envy of every customer in the store. It was a leather lined shoe but the entire outside construction was made of a polished, gleaming metal. . . like the armor or chain of mail of the days when knighthood was in flower. And studded all over the metal were dozens and dozens of chipped edges, like daggers or pointed spears, daring intrusion. The edges of these little spears were polished to the maximum, glittering as though illuminated with tiny jungle flames. As she walked, the flame-like tips flashed angrily, taunting those who had the courage to try and desecrate their purity. Her little gasps of delight was like the singing of the harps of the angels. I must admit that I,

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too, am overcome whenever I see someone share my delight for exquisitely covered feet.

Needless to say, she immediately purchased all of these shoes and later came back to report that no man in the night club dared to offend her now that she wore these armor-plated shoes.

Not all such customers are easy to please. For some, I must again and again bring them new shoes and try to satisfy them. Women are very fussy about shoes; but men are even more fussy. I know that a truly devoted husband just won't stand for his wife wearing shoes that don't suit her (and his) personality.

Of course, there are times when I grow tired of lacing and unlacing these shoes; but it has its compensations. Especially when I fit the women with hip length boots. How interesting it is to watch their reactions as leather and legs become acquainted.

THE END . . .







.. SELECTED FASHIONS

IN RUBBER"

by Evelyn Adams

* * * * *

You don't have to wait for a rainstorm in order to wear garments of rubber. Fashion stylists today have devised a series of wearing apparel made of stretching and yawning rubber that can be worn almost every day, for all occasions. No wardrobe is complete without a full set of rubber clothing. Don't be jealous of friends who sport rubber hats and dresses and slacks. Be the envy of your own friends by adding some of the following choice selections to your own wardrobe.

Hats are positively thrilling creations. of course, you have to know how to wear them

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and where to wear them. For indoor use, I recommend a rubber hat that covers the entire head from the top, right down over the neck. The rubber hat is thin and stretches with a yielding gesture when held in your hands. Stretch until the soft rubber is yawning with mystery. Place tight over the crown of your head and gently peel down until it reaches your chin line. Two tiny narrow slits for eyes and a little slit for your nose is all you really need. A slit for your mouth you say? I still maintain it is bad manners to eat with your hat on. And besides, you may stain the rubber with food and nobody should wear a dirty hat. Rubber should be stretched very tightly over the contours of the skin so that every nook and crevice is revealed. This is the true beauty of tight rubber that is bouncy and mirror-smooth to touch. This rubber hat may look a little garish out of doors so wear it on any occasion while in the privacy of your home. To prevent a hat from falling off (although skin-tight rubber clings demandinglly) you still want to feel the security of proper clasps. At the nape of your neck, your rubber hat should tie in a simple double knot with stretch-laces.

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A pair of rubber leotards up to the hips is very snug-fitting. There is available in flaming red or midnight black, pairs of leotards made of stretching rubber in various designs. These leotards are so tight, that every wrinkle breaks through the soft, luxurious rubbery stretch. A pair that I wear is rubbery stain faillie which slings, nips and squeezes at the waist; it pushes in the thighs, keeping them firm and straight. A beautiful design of braid embroidery runs down the sides all the way to the ankles where the rubber is reinforced and is as tight as is possible. To run your hand down the length of my legs is a thrilling experience. The rubber is soft and stretching and you feel as if you're squeezing a rubber pillow! Rubber has that squeezing and bouncing effect.

A rubber bra has been available on the market for some time. Foam-rubber padded for the girl who wants her bust to be uplifted and bursting forth. To squeeze and knead is a delightful experience to those who enjoy good rubber. The girl who has an ample bosom can improve these delightful appendages with the use of a simple skin-tight rubber bra.

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a thicker rubber cup grasps the breasts tightly, holding them firm. Side boning helps keep the bosom in the cup and they cannot escape. The rubber stretches tight over the pointing, thrusting breasts, snugly covering every delightful little crevice. Rubber straps, deliberately made too short, must be pulled and tugged to fasten behind, between the shoulder blades. The point is that stretching the rubber bra, draws it tighter and thinner across the breasts. And thin rubber becomes transparent adding quite a mystery to the charm of a bosom.

For lounge wear, I recommend a pair of bare back, one-piece slacks and blouse. The neck and back are bare and the fringe surrounding this soft area is studded with dozens of glittering rhinestone jewels. This lounge piece, made of pure rubber, of course, has a rubbery back bow--it bounces as you walk, adding guile and beguile to your movements. Your hips, when covered with rubber, will look like two bouncing beach balls--soft and cozy to grasp. Rubber sleeves should always be tight; allow a little fluffy leeway at the elbow bends, but no more.

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To climb into rubber is an experience all of us should enjoy. Within a rubber garment, there is a feeling of warmth and security; you are safe from all that surrounds you. To bolster up courage to do any job or task, wear a rubber garment.

Let me relate the experience of a young bridegroom who was very sloppy and his new bride--a woman of strong-willed principles--could not convince him that neatness is very important. Finally, at the end of their honeymoon, Irma decided to be more determined with Gene, her romantic bridegroom. It was their last evening in the honeymoon cabin, nestled in the woods. He was about to climb into his billowing pajamas when Irma said, "Gene, tonight I want to see you in neater clothes--such as this pair of rubber blouse and slacks."

Gene's eyes opened wide. He beheld a tight pair of slacks, velvety smooth, but made of stretching rubber. And the blouse, with long, smooth dangling sleeves looked very inviting. Gene backed away. "I--I don't know if I want to wear such odd clothing."

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"Get rid of those sloppy pajamas," insisted Irma.

Gene tried to protest but decided that this was no way to end a pleasant and happy honeymoon. He knew that compatibility was important for marriage success. He was glad the lights were dim; it made disrobing that much less embarrassing. As Irma slipped the warm rubber over his shoulders, the fabric gripped him possessively, as though these two creatures had been long separated. The rubber felt cozy and intimate over his chest. He stepped into the tight rubber slacks and as it crept up his legs, even gripping his hip and thigh area, a shiver of delight went up his spine. He gulped as he ran his hands over its velvety smoothness. "Like a second skin," he remarked delightfully as he felt the smooth texture. He just loved squeezing the soft rubbery garment.

Irma then surprised him by donning a similar garment. Gene never tired of hugging his rubber bride, she was so soft and yielding. From that day on, these two lovers wore rubber on all occasions. They certainly had

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learned the delights of this unusual creation.

A rubber mackintosh, perhaps tinted flame red, is very comfortable. Made of thick rubber, it buttons up securely, has a huge rubber belt with hard rubber buckle in front. The rubber hat fits over your head like a hood and ties beneath your chin. The rubber gives a soft, squishing sound as you move; if you are fortunate in having a rubber raincoat with a wide flair, notice how it hisses like static as you walk back and forth. To add to the sound effects, wear a pair of red or black rubber boots, with the double hem just below the kneecaps. These are usually used for wading or going in deep mud, but you can wear rubber boots in ordinary rainy weather, too. The thick rubber soles make soft sounds as you stomp about; you see, rubber boots are of a heavy quality and will make muffled, padded footstep sounds while you walk which adds to its interest. As your thick rubber mackintosh slaps against your rubber boots, the sound is like musical rain. There can be no substitute.

Ordinary rubber galoshes are quite



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stylish, these days. Some lace up in front with leather strips, tying into a bow just below the ankle. Others have large buttons, sometimes shaped like spurs, or like horse-shoes, one ingenious pair of galoshes had buttons shaped like a ball and chain. Very unusual and highly individual.

When you wear a rubber galosh on your foot, lift your foot up and set it down gently, preferably upon a soft surface beneath the sole and heel. (Made of rubber, too, of course.) Notice how soft and comfortable rubber feels. Nothing is so displeasing than soiled rubber boots. Ask your husband to cooperate to clean and polish your boots. If he is too lazy, tell him that he won't get to look at television until your boots are as polished and reflective as the TV set in the corner of your room. Then, when he has polished your rubber galoshes to perfection, make certain it is clean. Rub is against a cheek or chin to see if any dirt comes off. If the cheek is clean, so are the galoshes. It not? Well, he'll just miss his favorite TV program until they are clean!

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Rubber stockings that stretch tight and fasten to rubbery garter belts add to the loveliness of your legs. When you reach your knees, grasp the yielding, almost protesting rubber and--s-t-r-e-t-c-h!!! Notice how it opens wide. . .like a baby's mouth!

Then, tighten to the garters that dangle from your rubbery garter belt. Rubber should also be firm and NEVER wrinkled when worn tight on your legs. Elastic stockings make your legs so rubbery smooth, you will be the envy of all the girls on the block, just you wait and see! Make certain your seams are straight. Here again, an appreciative husband will be happy to get down and study carefully to see if there are crooked seams anywhere.

Some rubber raincoats have unusual designs--perhaps big polka dots, flowers, imprints of more rubber galoshes and boots or umbrellas. It's fun to walk in the rain. . . and even sunshine, when you're all wrapped up in yielding, pliant rubber.

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For indoor use, a pair of rubber panties are suggested--for both husband and wife. (Individual pairs, that is. Never let someone else wear your rubber garments since that might spoil the shape once the rubber has yielded to your contours.) Snug fitting panties for your husband should yield just slightly at the crotch. Have them very tight on the inside of his thighs so they won't slide up and down when he sleeps and spoil the snug fit. Examine carefully that they really do press into the hips. From a distance, a pair of rubber panties should look as though they were melted on his hips and torso.

The same applies for yourself. To test the springy bounce of rubber, grip the hem at the waist of your husband's panties and yank out as far as it goes. Then, suddenly let go. It should bounce back with a snap. Rubber panties should never ride up and down while walking or moving. Again, tightness is so important to do rubber the justice it deserves.

Some dispense with bathrobes at

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home, preferring to wear a simple rubber raincoat as a substitute. When taking a shower, it's pleasant to wrap yourself around in a raincoat. . . after coming out. The feel of soft, flesh-like rubber makes you feel clean all over. And how do you clean a raincoat? Simple enough. Take it into a stall shower with you and let the water cascade over you and the raincoat while it is buttoned tightly about you. It saves a lot of time and expense. Yes, rubber is very practical and there are no limits to what it can do for you.

THE END . . .







"FEMININE SUPERIORITY ? ? "

by Miss D. S.

* * * * *

"Within a century, ours will be a matriarchal society, and women will control the social, economic and political destiny of the world unless the trend of the past twenty years is reversed."

This prophecy, made in a recent issue of a nationally circulated magazine, is supported by the opinions of countless writers, psychologists and social research groups. "Mormonism Breeding Race of Domineering Woman and Weak Men," says Author Wylie"; "Is Man's Place in the Home?"; "Woman is Stronger Sex. Insurance Records Reveal"--these are just

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samples of the headlines that may frequently be seen as the new age of feminine emancipation grows from its pioneer stage into a full-fledged social revolution.

Certain basic facts have become accepted in recent years. No informed person now can question the facts that:

1. Women on the whole live longer, are less susceptible to heart, lung, stomach, and mental ills than men.

2. More than 65% of the wealth of America is in the hands of, or controlled by women.

3. Within two generations, the female vote has grown from virtually nothing to more than 40% of all registered voters. And 35% of the total working force of the nation is feminine, steadily reaching into new fields, into executive positions and industries which were closed to them only a few years ago.

4. This new freedom has resulted in families in which the husband is fast becoming

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a breadwinner without authority, the position of a "worker ant" supporting and contributing to his "queen bee." And the woman around whom the household revolves can, in turn, impress children to the extent that the boys are raised in adulation of their mother and encouraged to transfer this dependence and blind worship to the girl they select (or, more correctly, the girl who selects them) for marriage.

Where will it lead?

If the trend continues, and it shows signs of accelerating rather than waning, it appears inevitable that women will first solidify their newly-won position of psychological and physical superiority and then go on to complete their conquest with actual reversal of the traditional family and social responsibilities. Even now it is not altogether unusual for a man to handle the household chores while his wife follows a career; in some instances he works and also handles domestic chores while the "little woman" also works so that she may pamper herself with the luxuries and fashions she so desires. That these fashions tend toward the exotic more and more, and that she is inclining toward

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the masculine in the slacks, shorts, treadsor pants, pedal pushers, shirts, and suits that are her symbols of a triumphant march into the "forbidden" male domain, only emphasizes her ultimate, if subconscious, goal.

Economic factors can only serve to meet her ends: as automation grows, manual labor will be required to an ever-lessening extent. Labor leaders prophesy that within 50 years, the economy can be maintained on a 10 hour week, largely with supervisory forces. Thus men could perform the little physical labor required, with women performing the executive and organizational work. Which would leave men with plenty of time to perform the household chores and women adequate leisure to enjoy the efforts of their "lesser-halves."

In case of a war before women "take over" international politics (there is little possibility of one after that time), the time table could well be moved up a couple of decades as, with the consequent man shortage, women would solidify their position in business, finance and industry, and numerically over-

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whelm their male counterparts.

I am a successful copywriter in an advertising agency, and feel that I was born a hundred years before my time, as I am constantly bored and annoyed by the egotistic and bumbling arrogance of the men about me, most of whom are pitifully lost at heart but who try to put up a brave and impressive front as a "superior" male. I have learned that almost every one of these men, deep within them yearn to be "taken over" by a competent woman. I have proved it in my own way through some of the boy friends who have courted me. With the brushing aside of their veil of pretense, most men are relieved to find a woman who will take charge, make order out of the chaos of their lives, and direct them both mentally and physically. Call it "slave," "servant," "inferior," or what you will, I have learned that men are happier in that role, and that woman reaches her fullest expression in the new capacity of wife, head-of-the-house, boss, goddess, and--yes--tyrant.

Can you see the man-and-wife relationship of 2058?

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Woman has become oriented to her new position of ruler. She is gracious, suave, self-assured. Her position is firm, unassailable. Long since, she has given up the badges of inferiority and subservience. They have been pinned, instead, on the meek and obedient male. Having introduced him to the traditional "drudgery" of the weaker sex--housework, washing and ironing, sewing, scrubbing, cooking, minding the children--it was only natural that he be given the costume delineating his position--apron or maid's uniform. This soon evolved into a more involved condition whereby, deprived of his individuality and masculine ego, man found it necessary to attract women for the sake of security and social acceptance. With the direction of their wives and girl friends adding to the pressure, the male's adopted the artifices formerly attributed to the feminine sex in order to be attractive. Gradually the use of corsetting for a trim figure, high heels, the use of laces, soft and colorful materials in becoming colors, and even makeup and costume jewelry became accepted. And then their superiors, wives and girl friends, while retaining certain of the practical and beautifying items of apparel themselves, introduced and made mandatory the

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wearing at all times of the clothing, coiffures, makeup, and "haute couture" which had been previously associated with lovely and fashionable girls.

Of course, there have been rebels, bangovers from the age of male superiority. These have had short shrift, remaining unmarried and unsought to live a hopeless, hand-to-mouth existence as anti-social rebels, much as spinsters were pitied and looked down upon in previous ages. But most of the males have accepted their lot, most of them willingly. Occasionally there have been rebellious groups or individuals, and to meet this challenge, the new womanhood has found it necessary, advisable, and to many, pleasurable to administer training, discipline, and even corporal punishment in order to keep men in their place and to advance their new position of subjugation and respectful obedience.

In the average household, the male arises, showers, and prepares himself to be attractive to his mate, prepares breakfast and then serves his lady and mistress in bed. She may then sketch his duties for the day and pre-

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scribe any special training, discipline or study for him. If it is a "working day," he may be required to dress in slacks or shorts for this purpose, but he will not be excused from any of his household duties on this account, as the working day is only of two or three hours duration.

He must be back to prepare and serve lunch, do the housework, and await his mistress' pleasure. In the afternoon, she may have interests that require her presence away from home. She may insure his faithful performance of duties by a certain amount of physical restraint and bondage; or assure his fidelity by the use of a male chastity belt or other means.

If she chooses to entertain at "stag" parties of her girl friends, he is expected to make all preparations, serve refreshments, obey her instructions, and be attractively seen but not heard, perhaps in special attention-getting costumes and in the most menial of duties.

Yes, that is the world of 2058. What--

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do I hear you say. "That sounds ideal, but it will never come about?" Then I must correct you, my friends.

For, as I said at the beginning of this article, I was born a hundred years ahead of my time. But I live today as other women will live a century from now. I have tried and won my complete conquest of many men (and I can assure you that the average man today is more ready to be conquered, dominated and made subservient than the average woman is to take advantage of this fact). I have found the ideal one who serves me as lover, helpmate, housekeeper, personal maid, and--well, yes, even as outright slave. My authority is complete and ultimate; my domination extending into his working hours, for, unknown to his fellow workers and friends, he wears the most stringent of corsets, the most feminine of lingerie, under his outer male garments, thus reminding him constantly of his responsibility and subservience to me. And at home, he must change to a French maid's outfit when discharging duties commensurate with that title; and at other times wear feminine wig, makeup and clothing in catering to my needs and whims, which are

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many and constant.

It is a shame that, outside a few friends who share my convictions in dominating their husbands or boy friends, the social acceptance of feminine superiority still is a theory discussed and secretly practiced by millions of women but not openly revealed. It must inevitably come about; if my article can lend that bit of encouragement that changes desire into action, a smouldering ember into fire, in millions of girls and women of this country, I can say only:

"Live, rise, and assume your position of destiny, girls!"

THE END . . .





"FROM ME

....TO YOU"

by Tana Louise

* * * * *

Artists and sculptors all the world over have united in depicting the glorious lines of the feminine form in all its unadorned beauty, but I want to talk about another kind of loveliness - that of beauty adorned.

If we all had figures like that of Venus de Milo, then perhaps I wouldn't be writing this, but we must face the facts. Very few women can review themselves in their bathroom mirror and say: "I am satisfied with what Nature has given me," but thousands of women can stand fully adorned and say:

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"I am satisfied with the effect that I get from fashionable clothes and make-up."

Clothes make the woman. She must have them. They are as necessary to her as food and drink, and they are certainly the most powerful weapon she possesses in her battle of the sexes.

She must feel that she moves with the rustle of silk or satin; that her figure is enhanced by a cleverly-designed corset; that the colors Nature omitted to paint on her face have been added and that from the tips of her spike-heeled shoes to her saucy hat, she is perfect. With her clothing as ammunition she feels that she can face the Devil himself (who, by the way, is said to be quite a ladies man.)

Let us dress an imaginary girl "from the skin up."

Our Miss Smith knows that no lady should ever dress for an important date in a hurry. As a result, she has taken a bath in softly-scented water, rubbed herself all

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over with perfumed-talc. She has added a few dabs of fine perfume where it will count the most and she is ready to begin!

First, she takes her corset. This is of ebony black, well-boned over the tummy, too suppress too exuberant curves, and made with a decided wasp-waist. Our Miss Smith has no maid to lace her in, so her corset fastens with side-hooks, and reaches just to the level of the base of her brassiere.

The brassiere, because Miss Smith has not the firm breasts of a sculpture, is made with an uplift, to make her bosom seem firmer. It is of black satin and lace.

Now Miss Smith, with a pretty smile of perplexity, is consulting her lingerie drawer. Should it be bikini-panties? No, she is to wear a smart afternoon frock so it should be wide French lace panties and a slip.

She chooses black, wide-legged pants, with a shaped band at the top and side button fastenings, for she doesn't want a clumsy elastic bulge around her waist. Miss Smith

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puts her panties on carefully, for she wants them to hang properly. She steps into each leg, shakes, huttons the side hip fastenings, and then carefully pulls them down all around.

Now she brings out her dark grey nylon hose and dons them, adjusting the garters so that she has a straight back seam, and the stockings are tautly gartered, but slack enough to allow no risk of runners. Next she wriggles into her patent-leather pumps. They have pencil-thin heels that measure exactly $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height. Next she dons her slip. This is made on figure-fitting lines in princess shape. It hangs from black satin ribbon shoulder-straps.

Now Miss Smith slips on a Japanese kimono while she makes up her face. She is a medium-colored girl, which means that she has brown hair and a medium-complexioned skin. She makes-up as follows:

First of all, she coats her face with cold cream; lets it sink in and then wipes off the surplus. The cream does marvels for the skin, and is well worth the effort. Next, she shades

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her cheeks with rouge, and she doesn't put too much on, because she know that any rouge "works brighter" as it is worn. Now she takes her powder puff and dabs her face all over. She lets the powder settle a while and then brushes off the surplus with a fine brush.

Now Miss Smith wipes her lashes and brows clear of powder, and makes up her eyes. She uses dark brown mascara for daytime, so that the hardness of black will not age her appearance.

She makes her lips up in a moist red color that will serve to brighten her whole appearance. Finally, she slips into her silk print dress and her elbow-length black kid gloves.

And there it is. . . . A lot of work, but certainly worth the effort.

TANA LOUISE



BEAUTIFUL LEG CONTEST.....

To prove our point that men can have legs just as shapely as women, we are initiating a competition:

HERE IS ALL YOU DO-

Send in a photograph (plus the negative wherever possible) of your legs - wearing stockings and high-heels together with the following information:

- a) Male or female?
- b) Age
- c) Measurements

This information will not be divulged until the end of the contest.

The photos will be published in EXOTIQUE #32 - at which time, readers will be asked to pick which are male and which are female legs.

THE WINNERS WILL RECEIVE:

1st Prize - \$50.00 in cash
next 10 Prizes - Original Drawings by Enes
next 20 Prizes - 10 issue Subscriptions to
EXOTIQUE

No one connected with
Burmel Publishing Co.
is eligible to compete.

All entries must be in
by Oct. 10th, 1958.

All entries should be
addressed to:

Contest Editor,
Burmel Publ. Co.,
247 West 46th St.,
Rm. #401
New York 36, N. Y.

IN ADDITION . . .

The owners of the
Ten shapeliest pairs
of legs - in our
judgement - will
receive \$10.00 each.



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